

Faculty of Music  
University of Toronto

# Thursday evening series

*Lois Marshall*

SOPRANO

*Stuart Hamilton*

PIANO

Concert Hall, Edward Johnson Building  
January 11, 1973 at 8:30 p.m.

## PROGRAM

Dichterliebe, Op. 48 . . . . . Schumann

*Im wunderschönen Monat Mai*—The cycle is initiated by the lovely reflective music of the poet, recalling the love that first flowered in the spring. The music paints a background of surpassing tenderness and warmth, with a questioning close that leads directly to the next song.

*Aus meinen Thränen spriessen*—From the tears of love beautiful flowers shall spring, and the sighs of the lover shall be as the nightingale's song. The musical background is reticent, the eloquence by implication rather than direct statement.

*Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube*—Once the poet found delight in the rose, the dove, but now his beloved has taken the place of them all. The pure musical gaiety and exuberance of the setting is capped by a lovely postlude.

*Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'*—All sorrow dies, says the poet, when he looks into the eyes of his adored one. But there are only tears when she expresses her love for him. The piano begins by paralleling the voice, but it eventually transcends the vocal line in carrying the music to a powerful climax.

*Ich will meine Seele tauchen*—The poet vows to hide his soul in the heart of the lily, which shall carry his song to his beloved. A characteristic pattern is maintained in the piano part throughout the song, as counterpoint to the voice.

*Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome*—The Münster at Cologne, reflected in the waters of the Rhine, suggests to the poet the face of his beloved. The stately melodic line pursues its way against a steady marching figure in the piano, which might either suggest the rhythm of the water or the vastness of the image conjured by the poet. It is consistently maintained through the divisions of the poem, and in the postlude.

*Ich grolle nicht*—The cycle reaches its highest emotional curve in this mighty utterance, in which the poet vows that he will not complain, even though a viper shall devour the love in the heart of his adored one. The determined tread of the background music supports and intensifies the expression of resolve in the voice.

*Und wüssten's die Blumen*—If the flowers knew of the wound in his heart, they would weep with him. From the unbearable tension of the preceding song, there is contrasting tenderness in this quieter, more controlled confessional, with its murmuring piano figuration.

*Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen*—The flutes and the fiddles sound at the wedding of his beloved, but not too loudly to drown his heart's sorrow. A capricious background suggests dance music, carried out by the rhythmic accents of the bass. Nevertheless, the vocal line conveys the agony of the sorrowing one. The pattern is carried through an unusually long postlude, but the ending is subdued.

*Hör ich das Liedchen*—When the poet hears again the song his loved one sang to him, all the pain of his tragedy awakens. The broken, disjointed accompaniment might convey the thought of an old song, heard from afar.

*Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen*—Herein is summed up, in allegorical form, the sense of the cycle. A youth loves a maiden, but she loves another; the other loves another, and the maiden marries in pique. "Tis always the same old story, and yet it is ever new". The music is light and arch, but hardly gay, for in conclusion the poet says, "The last to whom it's happened, his heart will break in two."

*Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen*—The poet wanders through the garden on a glimmering sunlit morning, but the flowers know the anguish in his heart.



*Ich hab' im Traum geweinet*—In a dream, the poet believes he sees his beloved laid in a tomb and when he wakes, he weeps anew. The voice part is virtually a recitative, echoed by the piano in fragmentary form.

*Allnächtlich in Traum*—Again the poet's dream is haunted by his beloved, whom he sees gazing upon him, with tearful eyes. But when he awakens, the vision has vanished. The metre varies between 2/4 and 3/4, to accommodate the alterations in the verse.

*Aus alten Märchen winkt es hervor*—The poet yearns to remain in the realm of dreams, radiant with flowers, a "land of splendor". But waking brings disillusionment. The setting is straightforward and animated, until the thought of reality intrudes itself in the poet's mind.

*Die alten, bösen Lieder*—All hope gone, the poet resolves to bury the old songs, the old dreams, the old hopes. For these multitudinous sorrows he asks a coffin bigger than the greatest tun in Heidelberg, a bier longer than the bridge at Mainz, with twelve giants to cast it into the sea. For this heroic concept, the composer has found music of superb eloquence and power, treating it as a dramatic recitative rather than merely a strophic song. And his superlative artistry asserts itself in the touching, wistful close, with its reminiscence, in mood, of the gentle May morning when the poet first found his love.

## INTERMISSION

### Chansons de Bilitis . . . . . Debussy

*La Flûte de Pan*—For the day of hyacinths he gave me a syrinx fashioned of wellcut reeds, bound together with white wax, as sweet as honey to my lips. He teaches me to play—seated on his knees—but I tremble a little. He plays after me, so softly that I can scarcely hear. We have nothing to say, so near are we to each other; but our songs demand an answer, and time and time again our lips are joined on the flute. It grows late, now comes the song of the green frogs, heralds of the night. My mother will never believe that I delayed so long looking for my lost sash.

*La Chevelure*—He said to me: "Last night I dreamt I had your hair around my neck. I had your hair, like a black necklace, about the nape of my neck and on my breast. I caressed it, and it was mine; and we were bound forevermore thus, mouth upon mouth, like two laurel trees with but a single root. And slowly, it seemed to me, so blended were our limbs, that I became you and you entered into me like a dream." When he had finished, he quietly placed his hands upon my shoulders, and looked at me with a glance so tender, that I lowered my eyes with a shiver.

*Le Tombeau des Naiades*—In the woods, covered with hoar-frost, I walked; my hair flowered in little icicles before my mouth and my sandals were heavy with dirty snow.

He said to Me: "What do you seek?" I am following the traces of the satyr. His little forked steps are like holes in a white mantle. He said: "The satyrs are dead. The satyrs and also the nymphs. It is thirty years since we had so hard a winter. The trail you see is that of a he-goat. But let us stay here, by their tomb." And with his iron hoe he broke the ice of the spring where the naiads used to laugh. He lifted large cold pieces and raising them toward the pale sky, he looked through them.

Siete Canciones Populares . . . . . Manuel de Falla  
(Seven Popular Spanish Songs)

*El Pano Moruno* —The precious garment in the store has a stain: that is why it has lost its value.

*Seguidilla Murciana* —He who lives in a glass house shouldn't throw stones. Because you are so fickle, I compare you to coins which pass from hand to hand till worn smooth and every-one refuses them.

*Asturiana*—To find consolation I came to a green pine-tree; to shed my tears a-weeping... and the pine wept with me.

*Jota*—They say we do not love each other because we are silent and apart, but oh, could they see into my soul and into your heart! Farewell until tomorrow, even though your mother cares not for me.

*Nana*—Slumber, baby, slumber, my little morning star . . .

*Cancion*—Your eyes are treacherous, you do not love me anymore. But you are the loser. My gain is greater than my loss.

*Polo*—I have a pain in my heart of which no one shall know. Cursed be Love and he who taught it to me! Ay!

**NEXT EVENT:** Sunday Afternoon Series — January 14th

Pierre Souvairan, piano  
David Zafer and Victor Martin, violins  
Kathy Wunder, viola  
Vladimir Orloff, cello  
Quintets by Dvorak and Franck

**NEXT THURSDAY EVENING SERIES:** February 8th

Richard Bunger, piano  
Works by: John Cage, Charles Ives  
Henry Cowell, Morton Subotnik